

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Prim.* When I returne with victory from the field,  
Hee see your Grace, till then Hee follow her.

*King,* Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the Prince her son  
Makes her in furie thus to forget her selfe.  
Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke.  
Come Cosen of Exeter, stay thou heere,  
For Clifford and those Northerne Lords be gone,  
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

*Enter Edward and Richard, and Montague.*

*Edw.* Brother, and cosen Montague, giue me leaue to speake,  
*Rich.* Nay, I can better play the Orator.  
*Mont.* But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke.*

*Yorke.* How now sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

*Rich.* No Father, but a sweete contention, about that which  
concernes your selfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.

*Yorke.* The Crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,  
And I haue sworne that he shall reigne in quiet till his death.

*Ed.* But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.

*Rich.* And if it please your Grace to giue me leaue,  
Hee shew your Grace the way to saue your oath,  
And dispossesse King Henry from the Crowne.

*Yorke.* I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.

*Rich.* Then thus my Lord,

An Oath is of no moment,  
Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate.

Henry is none, but doth vsurpe your right,  
And yet your Grace stands bound to him by Oath.

Then noble father resolute your selfe,  
And once more claime the Crowne.

*Yorke.* I, saist thou so boy? why then it shall be so,  
I am resolute to win the Crowne, or dye.

*Edward,* thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.  
Thou Cosen Montague shalt to Norfolk straight,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

And bid the Duke to muster vp his soldiours,  
And come to me to Wakefield presently,  
And Richard, thou to London straight shalt poste,  
And bid Richard Nevill Earle of Warwicke,  
To leaue the City, and with his men of warre,  
To meete me at S. Albones ten dayes hence.  
My selfe heere in Sandall Castle will provide  
Both men and mony to further our attempts.  
Now, what newes?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, the Queene with thirty thousand men,  
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,  
Northumberland, and Westmerland,  
With others of the house of Lancaster,  
Are marching towards Wakefield,  
To besiedge you in your Castle heere.

*Enter Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.*

*Yorke.* A Gods name let them come.

Cousin Montague, poste you hence.

And boyes stay you with me.

*Sir Iohn* and *Sir Hugh Mortimer* mine Vnckles,

Yare welcome to Sandall in an happy houre,

The army of the Queene meanes to besiedge vs.

*Sir Iohn.* She shall not neede my Lord,  
Wee'l meete her in the field.

*Yorke.* What, with fife thousand soludiors, Vnckle?

*Rich.* I father, with fife hundred for a need,  
A woman's Generall, what should you feare?

*Yorke.* Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne

In Normandy, when as the enemye

Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt

Of the like successe? I am resolute. Come lets goe.

*Edw.* Let's march away, I heare their drums.

*Exit.*

*Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of  
Rutland and his Tutor.*

*Tutor.* Oh flye my Lord, lets leaue the Castle,  
And flye to Wakefield straight.

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*Enter*